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"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 5V

"Logopolis"

by

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TRANSMISSION:

DOCTOR WHO: "LOGOPOLIS" EPISODE FOUR

CAST:

DOCTOR
ADRIC
TEGAN
NYSSA

THE MONITOR
THE MASTER
A PHAROS SECURITY MAN

N/S

THE WATCHER
A PHAROS TECHNICIAN
3 PHAROS WORKMEN
PHAROS SECURITY MAN

FILM:

Ext. The Pharos Enclosure.
Ext. The Pharos Antenna Parapet.

STUDIO:

LOGOPOLIS: LANDING AREA
LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET (x 3, AND WRECKED)
LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER
TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM
TARDIS CLOISTERS
THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM (THE CENTRAL REGISTER REDRESSED)
A PHAROS CORRIDOR (AN EXTERNAL REGISTER REDRESSED)
THE PHAROS ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM

MODEL SHOTS

Logopolis with antenna
ditto redressed as the Pharos Project with antenna.

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Opening
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm

1. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: THE LANDING
AREA. DAY.

(REPRISE THEN)

(THE DOCTOR AND THE
MASTER ARE SHAKING
HANDS.)

NYSSA TURNS TO SEE:

THE TARDIS MATERIALISING
IN THE DISTANCE)

NYSSA: Look -- the Tardis!

TEGAN: It's followed us.

ADRIC: But how can it do that
-- with no-one in it?

DOCTOR: Did I say there was
no-one in it?

NYSSA: It must be him. The man
who brought me to Logopolis.

DOCTOR: Now... I want no arguments from any of you. One, two, three of you into the Tardis at once.

ADRIC: But we want to stay with you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Impossible. I'm collaborating with the Master -- and that makes me a highly unsuitable person to have around. My friend will take care of you.

(NYSSA, ADRIC AND TEGAN
WAVER)

DOCTOR: (ASIDE; TO ADRIC)
Battlestations.

(ADRIC TAKES THE GIRLS'
ARMS)

ADRIC: Come on. He means it.

(THE THREE OF THEM MOVE
OFF TOWARDS THE TARDIS.

IN THE BACKGROUND OF WHAT
FOLLOWS WE WILL SEE THEM
GO INTO THE TARDIS.

THE DOCTOR TURNS TO SPEAK
TO THE MONITOR)

DOCTOR: Monitor, we need to know... He's gone.

MASTER: Fool! Deserted us.
Doesn't he realise he has no chance
of survival without our help!

DOCTOR: I don't think he's done that. What was the last thing he said?

MASTER: We can't remember every trifle, Doctor. We're Time Lords.

DOCTOR: Who in our various ways have let our minds go, Master. We need every last ounce of our combined talents.

MASTER: He mentioned entropy.

DOCTOR: Yes, that's it. Waste! "What a waste of the Research Team's efforts."

MASTER: If he's trying to salvage the Research Team's work he must have gone back to the Central Register.

DOCTOR: If there's anything left of it.

MASTER: There may be. It's the latest addition to Logopolis -- it might be the last to go.

DOCTOR: I hope you're right. Because we need his knowledge... But we'd better hurry.

(WITH SCARCELY MORE THAN
A GLIMPSE BACK AT THE
TARDIS, THE DOCTOR
FOLLOWS THE MASTER
QUICKLY OFF TOWARDS THE
CENTRAL REGISTER.)

THE TARDIS DOOR SUDDENLY
OPENS AND TEGAN BACKS
OUT, HER FLIGHT BAG OVER
HER SHOULDER.

ADRIC APPEARS IN THE
DOORWAY)

ADRIC: None of us want to leave
the Doctor. But it's best to do
what he says.

TEGAN: Best for him, maybe.
It's not personal devotion, I can
tell you that. But he's guaranteed
to get me back to London Airport.
I'm going to stick with him to make
sure he keeps his word.

ADRIC: Tegan!

(THE LIGHT ON TOP OF THE
TARDIS HAS STARTED TO
WINK)

TEGAN: You stay with Nyssa.

(TEGAN PUSHES THE DOOR TO
ON ADRIC'S PROTESTATIONS,
AND THE TARDIS
DEMATERIALISES.

TEGAN LOOKS AROUND THE
EMPTY HORIZON, THEN
BEGINS THE TREK TOWARDS
THE CITY)

2. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE
MASTER PICK THEIR WAY
CAREFULLY THROUGH THE
DEBRIS.

OCCASIONAL SMALL
LANDSLIDES INTERRUPT
THEIR JOURNEY)

DOCTOR: None of this is going to
hold much longer.

MASTER: And even now the rot is
spreading outwards through the
universe from this point. The
Second Law of Thermodynamics
unleashed after aeons of
constraint.

DOCTOR: I suggest we collect the
Monitor, then get out.

MASTER: How? In my Tardis?

DOCTOR: There's no other way?

MASTER: You're presuming a lot,
Doctor.

DOCTOR: Aren't I? And on so
short a friendship.

3. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.
DAY.

(TEGAN IS TRYING TO FIND
HER WAY BACK TO THE
DOCTOR THROUGH THE RUINED
CITY.

BUT SHE SEEMS LOST)

TEGAN: Doctor? Doctor?
Anybody?

(SHE STOPS AND LOOKS
ROUND)

TEGAN: It was never like this
on the course.

4. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL REGISTER. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS
RECOGNISABLE, THOUGH
PORTIONS OF THE WALLS
HAVE CRUMBLLED AWAY TO
SHOW PATCHES OF
OPALESCENT LOGOPOLITAN
SKY.

THE MONITOR SITS IN FRONT
OF THE COMPUTER CONSOLE,
DISK DRIVES HUMMING NEAR
HIM, SURROUNDED BY SHEETS
OF PRINTOUT.

THE DOCTOR AND THE MASTER
ARRIVE IN THE MAIN
ENTRANCE)

DOCTOR: Monitor! The stability
is now critical. You must come
with us.

MONITOR: For precisely that
reason I must stay here, Doctor.

MASTER: What is this? I thought
Logopolitan maths wouldn't run on a
computer.

MONITOR: We were developing this
is the program to take the burden
from our own shoulders. A series
of Data statements to keep the
Charged Vacuum Emboitements open of
their own accord.

DOCTOR: The Advanced Research
Project?

MONITOR: The computer holds a
complete Log of that research.

MASTER: Then the answer's here!

MONITOR: Unfortunately the
research itself is far from
complete.

DOCTOR: But you were on the
right track? Monitor, you're going
to have to tell us all about your
project in detail.

MONITOR: There is nothing to
tell. (INDICATING THE PRINTOUT)
It is all here, for you to read.

(THE MASTER AND THE
DOCTOR PICK UP HANDFULS
OF THE PRINTOUT AND STUDY
IT)

MONITOR: You'll find it well
annotated. I must continue with my
work. There's so much to do.

5. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(TEGAN BRAVELY STUMBLES
ON THROUGH THE RUBBLE)

TEGAN: And somebody's
definitely going to have to pay for
a new pair of shoes. (AS AN
AFTERTHOUGHT) But the next time
the Doctor says stay in the Tardis
-- I might do just that!

6. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE MASTER AND THE
DOCTOR ARE POURING OVER
THE PRINTOUT.

THE MASTER PEEKS OVER THE
MONITOR'S SHOULDER)

MASTER: (ASIDE TO THE DOCTOR)
The impractical fool. What does he
hope to achieve with this?

DOCTOR: He feels he's being
useful.

MASTER: Keying this program into
the computer? This is loose,
speculative, useless. It isn't
even finished!

DOCTOR: Neither was that
symphony of Schubert's. But it
still commands a certain
following.

MASTER: A trivial work.

DOCTOR: You can say that? With
that Finale! (THE DOCTOR HUMS A
SAMPLE)

MASTER: We won't quarrel over
it, Doctor. We have our own Finale
to worry about.

(A CREAKING SOUND FILLS
THE AIR.

THE DOCTOR SURVEYS THE
ROOM WARILY)

DOCTOR: Imminently. The local
structure won't hold up much
longer.

MASTER: We must vacate.

DOCTOR: Where would you
suggest?

MASTER: As far away from this
point as possible.

DOCTOR: That won't be an escape.
The collapse will spread out like
ripples in a pool throughout the
whole of space-time. What we have
to do is...

MASTER: Well, Doctor?

DOCTOR: ...a positive response.
Something definite, resourceful.
Entropy works by rusting the
resolve quite as much as by
crushing cities into sand dunes.

MASTER: You have a concrete idea
behind all that poetry, Doctor?

DOCTOR: (AFTER A FRACTIONAL
PAUSE) No... no, nothing
definite.

MASTER: My dear Doctor. You're a poor scientist. It's easy to see why you make so many mistakes.

DOCTOR: And why you make so few friends.

MONITOR: (RISING FROM THE CONSOLE) I have done what I can in the time. A desperate last effort. It only remains to align the antenna and beam the program out to space.

(THE DOCTOR STUDIES THE PRINTOUT)

DOCTOR: With all these levels of recursion its hard to say what the result will be.

(TEGAN STUMBLES IN)

TEGAN: So you're all still here, anyway.

DOCTOR: Tegan! I told you to get out of here.

TEGAN: No thanks, Doctor. I'm staying with you. You're the only insurance policy I've got.

(THE STRUCTURE OF THE BUILDING CREAKS AGAIN.

MASTER LOOKS FROM THE MONITOR TO THE DOCTOR, THEN BACK AGAIN)

DOCTOR: Safe as houses, eh?

MASTER: It's time we all got out of here.

MONITOR: No! I must align the antenna. There is a CVE close by we might be able to reopen.

(THE MONITOR MOVES
TOWARDS THE EXIT TO THE
FIRST EXTERNAL REGISTRY)

MASTER: (ASIDE; TO THE DOCTOR)
He can do as he pleases -- he's harmless. But you and I, Doctor... we must form a plan. I propose... One: withdrawal to a position of temporary security. Two: reconfiguration of our two Tardisses into Time Cone Inverters. Three: creating a stable safe zone by applying temporal inversion isometry to as much of space-time as we can isolate...

TEGAN: Look...!

(THE DOCTOR AND THE
MASTER TURN TO LOOK IN
THE DIRECTION TEGAN IS
POINTING.

ON HIS WAY TO THE DOOR
THAT OPENS INTO THE FIRST
EXTERNAL REGISTER THE
MONITOR HAS BEEN HALTED
IN HIS TRACKS.

A SECTION OF WALL HAS

VANISHED -- AND WITH IT A
PORTION OF THE MONITOR
HIMSELF.

WHAT REMAINS OF HIM
STANDS LIKE A CARDBOARD
CUT-OUT.

SLOWLY THE FLAT
PROJECTION FALLS TO THE
GROUND AND BREAKS UP INTO
PIECES LIKE A JIGSAW
PUZZLE.

THE MASTER STARES AT THE
PIECES AGHAST)

MASTER: Horrible, horrible...

TEGAN: Hardly more horrible
than turning people into shrunken
dolls.

MASTER: (BACKING AWAY FROM THE
SIGHT) No! Anything but that. Do
what you like, Doctor. Logopolis
is yours.

(AND THE MASTER RUNS FOR
THE DOOR)

TEGAN: Doctor! Stop him!

(THE DOCTOR STANDS ROOTED
TO THE GROUND)

TEGAN: He's getting away.

DOCTOR: Which means we can't --
as he's got the only Tardis left on
Logopolis.

TEGAN: Then we've got to get after him.

(THE DOCTOR IS THINKING)

TEGAN: Come on, Doctor. Let's go.

DOCTOR: (PENSIVELY ECHOING THE MASTER'S PROPOSAL) Reconfigure the two Tardisses into Time Cone Inverters. Yes, it would have worked -- for at least part of the universe. What a waste of a brilliant mind.

(THE STRUCTURE CREAKS AGAIN)

TEGAN: And a waste of two more brilliant minds if we don't do something soon.

DOCTOR: You're right. The Monitor's program. There's a slight chance...

(THE FLOOR LURCHES, AND THE COMPUTER CONSOLE CRACKS IN TWO)

DOCTOR: Correction -- there was a slight chance.

TEGAN: Come on, Doctor. We've got to stop the Master from taking off.

DOCTOR: Why? There's no point without a positive approach to take with us. The solution is here... somehow... Or somewhere very like this. I had a strange feeling we were very close -- before this!

(HE TAPS THE COMPUTER
EMPHATICALLY. MORE OF IT
CRUMBLES AWAY)

DOCTOR: (AS IF TO THE COMPUTER)
I sympathise. I've never felt so close to dissolution before.

TEGAN: Dissolution? You mean, this really is the end? It can't be.

(THE REMARK GALVANISES
THE DOCTOR INTO ACTION)

DOCTOR: Of course it can't. There must be something we can do. Some desperate, remote chance. Remote! Somewhere very like this...! Of course! The core memory...

(HE TURNS ON WHAT REMAINS
OF THE COMPUTER AND, AS
IF RELEASING HIS PENT UP
FRUSTRATION, BEGINS TO
TEAR IT TO PIECES WITH
HIS HANDS)

TEGAN: Doctor! For goodness sake, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: An experiment in
optimism. Come on, you can help.
I want this thing in pieces.

(UTTERLY BAFFLED, TEGAN
JOINS HIM AND WADES INTO
THE MACHINE)

7. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE MASTER STUMBLES
THROUGH THE RUINED STREET
SEARCHING FOR THE CAVE
THAT HOUSES HIS TARDIS.

HE FINDS IT: THE FAT,
YELLOWING, FLUTED
CORINTHIAN COLUMN IS
SUPPORTING THE SAGGING
ROOF.

HE APPROACHES IT AND WE
SEE HIM TUGGING AT A DOOR
OUT OF VIEW WHICH
RESOLUTELY REFUSES TO
OPEN FOR HIM.

THE MASTER PULLS
VIOLENTLY; THE PILLAR
FALLS, BRINGING DOWN PART
OF THE ROOF)

8. INT. LOGOPOLIS: THE CENTRAL
REGISTER. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS
DISEMBOWELLED THE
COMPUTER, REVEALING:

A LONG MOTHERBOARD
HOLDING AN ARRAY OF
PRINTED CIRCUIT BOARDS.

DELICATELY THE DOCTOR
REMOVES ONE AND INSPECTS
IT CAREFULLY)

DOCTOR: As I thought... Bubble
memory. (HE TURNS TO TEGAN, JOY
RADIANT ON HIS FACE) Bubble
memory... You realise what this
means...

TEGAN: No, as a matter of fact
I don't, Doctor.

(THE DOCTOR BEGINS TO
REMOVE THE BOARDS
CAREFULLY AND STACK THEM
UP IN TEGAN'S ARMS)

DOCTOR: Bubble memory is
non-volatile. Remove the power --
and the bit-patterns are still
retained in tiny magnetic domains
in these chips. The Research
Team's last program is still here,
in these boards.

TEGAN: Which would be great if we had a computer to run it on.

DOCTOR: I've an idea where we can find just the right hardware. All we've got to do now is get back to Earth.

9. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN
APPEAR ON THE STEPS OF
THE CENTRAL REGISTER.

TEGAN IS CARRYING THE
BOARDS IN HER ARMS)

DOCTOR: (CALLING) Master!
Wait! There may be one last
chance. Master!

10. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: ANOTHER STREET.
DAY.

(WE PAN THE RUINS OF THE
EMPTY STREET AND CLOSE ON
THE RUINED CAVE WHERE WE
LAST SAW THE MASTER)

DOCTOR: (DISTANT; OUT OF VIEW)
Master! This could be the
solution.

TEGAN: (SIMILARLY) Don't take
off. Please... wait for us.

(WE LIGHT UPON THE
MASTER.

HE IS PINNED BENEATH HIS
TARDIS.

HE PAUSES IN HIS
STRUGGLES TO LISTEN TO
THE DISTANCE VOICES)

11. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO
TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE IN
PEEPING IN THROUGH THE
DOOR TO THE CONSOLE
ROOM)

ADRIC: When we were on Earth he
seemed to be everywhere. I thought
he was the Master, following us.
But it's as if he was watching over
us.

NYSSA: When he fetched me from
Traken he didn't say anything, just
beckoned. But I wasn't afraid of
him.

ADRIC: I'm not afraid. But I
wish I knew who he was.

NYSSA: What's he doing now?

ADRIC: He's switched off the
viewer. The Watcher has stopped
watching.

NYSSA: If only that solved the
problem. At least we should be
allowed to see what's happening.

(ADRIC CLOSES THE DOOR)

ADRIC: It doesn't help, if there's nothing we can do about it. The spread of entropy seems to be unstoppable.

NYSSA: It's washing out from the direction of Logopolis like a tidal wave.

ADRIC: And the Doctor's in the middle of it!

12. EXT. LOGOPOLIS: A NARROW STREET.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN ARE
PRISING THE MASTER FROM
UNDER HIS TARDIS)

DOCTOR: Nothing like physical
labour to relieve the intellectual
strain. Heave!

(TEGAN AND THE DOCTOR
PULL HARD, AND THE MASTER
IS ABLE TO WRIGGLE FROM
UNDER THE PILLAR)

MASTER: I'm grateful.

DOCTOR: Good. Because now it's
your turn to help us. Show us into
this vehicle of yours. One good
lift deserves another, don't you
think?

13. INT. THE TARDIS CORRIDOR. NO
TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA SITTING
SIDE BY SIDE ON THE
FLOOR)

NYSSA: So as long as we hover
outside space and time we'll be
safe.

ADRIC: Safe, yes.

NYSSA: I'd rather be with the
Doctor.

ADRIC: Yes. But... The
Watcher seems very like the
Doctor.

NYSSA: In many ways. But so
solemn, as if he carried all the
troubles of the world on his
shoulders.

ADRIC: That's exactly what the
Doctor is doing. And we're ...
Isn't "safe" a terrible word.

NYSSA: Horrible.

ADRIC: (GETTING UP) As the
Watcher won't let us in the Console
Room I'd better show you round the
rest of the Tardis.

14. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.
NIGHT.

(THE ORIGINAL ROOM OF WHICH THE CENTRAL LOGIC ROOM ON LOGOPOLIS IS A COPY, ALTHOUGH WE MAY NOT REALISE THIS AT FIRST, BECAUSE THE PLACE IS IN DARKNESS, THE ONLY ILLUMINATION COMING FROM A POOL OF LIGHT OVER THE COMPUTER CONSOLE.

A WHITE-COATED TECHNICIAN, HIS EYES PROTECTED BY A GREEN EYESHADE, IS WORKING AT THE CONSOLE. HE IS WEARING A PAIR OF LIGHTWEIGHT HEADPHONES CONNECTED TO A POCKET-SIZED CASSETTE RECORDER; EMANATING FROM THEM WE HEAR THE ATTENUATED STRAINS OF TCHAIKOVSKY'S "NUTCRACKER SUITE". THE MUSIC IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE CLACKING OF HIS KEYBOARD AND THE HUM OF THE DISK DRIVES.

WITHOUT TAKING HIS EYES OFF THE SCREEN HE REACHES OUT FOR A PAPER CUP OF COFFEE WHICH STANDS SOMEWHAT INCONGRUOUSLY IN FRONT OF THE SWITCHES AND LED INDICATORS OF THE CONSOLE.

THE MOMENT HE PICKS UP

THE PAPER CUP HE REALISES
IT IS EMPTY.

HE GETS UP, STOWING THE
CASSETTE RECORDER INTO A
CONVENIENT POCKET WITHOUT
INTERRUPTING THE MUSIC,
AND, CRUSHING THE CUP AND
LOBBING IT EXPERTLY INTO
A WASTEPAPER BASKET,
CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

AS WE FOLLOW HIM THE
SIMILARITY OF THE ROOM TO
THE LOGOPOLIS CENTRAL
REGISTRY BECOMES
RECOGNISEABLE.

NO SOONER HAS HE LEFT THE
ROOM THAN:

THE MASTER'S TARDIS
MATERIALISES IN A SHADOWY
CORNER)

MASTER: (VOICE OVER) The Pharos
Computer room.

DOCTOR: (VOICE OVER) Spot on.
I envy you your Tardis, Master.

MASTER: (VOICE OVER) Excellent,
Doctor. You're improving. Envy is
the beginning of all true
greatness.

15. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(A WIDE CORRIDOR
MEMORABLY SIMILAR TO THE
EXTERNAL REGISTERS ON
LOGOPOLIS.

THE TECHNICIAN IS
SLAMMING A COIN INTO A
COFFEE MACHINE. WITH OUR
KNOWLEDGE OF THE IMMINENT
DISSOLUTION OF THE
UNIVERSE, THE HOMELY
ACTION, ORCHESTRATED BY
TCHAIKOVSKY, IS A
POIGNANT REMINDER OF ALL
WE ARE ABOUT TO LOSE.

THE TECHNICIAN COLLECTS
THE COFFEE AND MOVES BACK
TO THE COMPUTER ROOM,
SIPPING AT IT ON THE
WAY)

16. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER
ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TECHNICIAN ENTERS
AND MOVES ACROSS TO THE
CONSOLE.

THE MASTER AND THE DOCTOR
STAND IN THE SHADOWS
BEHIND THE CORINTHIAN
COLUMN.

THE MASTER RAISES AN
UNPLEASANT-LOOKING WEAPON
AND LEVELS IT AT THE
TECHNICIAN)

DOCTOR: (IN A FIERCE WHISPER)
No!

MASTER: Would you care to
explain our presence then?

DOCTOR: Hmm. Put it on "Stun"
then.

MASTER: (WITH A SNEER) Stun!
My Tissue Compression Eliminator
isn't equipped with "Stun".

DOCTOR: (TAKING IT FROM HIM)
You'd be surprised.

THE DOCTOR MOVES OFF AS
TEGAN APPEARS BESIDE THE
MASTER. SHE IS HOLDING
THE BUBBLE MEMORY PRINTED
CIRCUIT BOARDS.

THEY WATCH THE DOCTOR
CREEP UP BEHIND THE
TECHNICIAN AND HIT HIM
OVER THE HEAD WITH THE
BUTT OF THE WEAPON)

TEGAN: Oh... poor little man!

(AS THE TECHNICIAN
SLUMPS, THE MASTER RIPS
OFF THE HEADPHONES AND
HURLS THEM INTO THE
WASTEPAPER BASKET)

DOCTOR: Right. Door... window
blinds... lights... We're going
to have to move very fast. There's
a great deal of work to be done
before dawn.

(THE MASTER CLOSES THE
DOOR AND TEGAN RUNS ROUND
DRAWING THE BLINDS.

GIVING MUCH THOUGHT TO
THE TASK THEY ARE ABOUT
TO EMBARK UPON, THE
DOCTOR ABSENTLY STIRS THE
TECHNICIAN'S COFFEE WITH
A PENCIL AND RAISES IT TO
HIS LIPS)

17. INT/EXT. THE TARDIS CLOISTERS.
NO TIME.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE
WALKING SIDE BY SIDE
ROUND THE PERIMETER)

ADRIC: When this all began the
Doctor wanted to reconfigure the
Tardis so that it would work
properly, like the Master's.

NYSSA: Is there so much wrong
with it?

ADRIC: It's getting old. Things
often stop working for no reason.
The Doctor's very good at coping
with it, but it's a terrific strain
on him.

NYSSA: Entropy again. You
can't get away from it.

(ADRIC STOPS, LOOKING
ACROSS TO THE OTHER SIDE
OF THE CLOISTERS.

THE WATCHER IS PACING
BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS,
IN MUCH THE SAME WAY AS
WE SAW THE DOCTOR AT THE
BEGINNING OF THE FIRST
EPISODE)

ADRIC: It's uncanny. From
here... it might almost be the
Doctor.

(IMPOSSIBLY IT SEEMS AS
IF HE HAS OVERHEARD
ADRIC'S WHISPERED REMARK;
FOR THE WATCHER STOPS
PACING AND LOOKS UP.

AND EXACTLY AS THE DOCTOR
DID IN EPISODE ONE, THE
WATCHER TAKES A PACE
FORWARDS AND BECKONS TO
ADRIC AND NYSSA ACROSS
THE QUAD)

18. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.
NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE
MASTER ARE UNSCREWING THE
SIDE OF THE COMPUTER
CONSOLE.

TEGAN HAS IMPROVISED A
GAG OUT OF STRIPS OF THE
TECHNICIAN'S WHITE COAT,
AND IS TYING IT AROUND
THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN'S
MOUTH)

MASTER: What makes you think
this program of the Monitor's is
going to work, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know. A
kind of vague faith in the nature
of things, I suppose.

MASTER: Unfortunately it is in
the very "nature of things" for
entropy to win. Your friends the
Logopolitans are the ones who have
tampered with nature.

DOCTOR: It's an age old battle,
of course -- entropy versus
structure. But while there's life,
it's six of one and half a dozen of
the other.

MASTER: Woolly thinking,
Doctor.

DOCTOR: Very comforting, when
worn next to the skin.

(AND SO SAYING HE LIFTS
AWAY THE SIDE COVER,
REVEALING THE INNARDS OF
THE COMPUTER)

19. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.
DAY.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA BURST
INTO THE EMPTY ROOM)

NYSSA: At last -- something to
do. Show me how you reset the
co-ordinates.

(ADRIC FLICKS SWITCHES ON
THE CONSOLE)

ADRIC: Earth is in Sector eighty
twenty-five of the third Quadrant.
The temporal settings are laid in
on this panel... It always looks
so easy when the Doctor does it.

NYSSA: What are these toggles
for?

ADRIC: Something to do with the
geographical fine tuning. I wonder
what changed his mind?

NYSSA: The Watcher? It's
uncanny -- it's as if he knows
what's going to happen.

ADRIC: And why the Pharos
project? We'll have to check its
exact co-ordinates with the data
bank. Now... (TRYING TO REMEMBER)
...the data recall program is
loaded like this...

(HE SETTLES IN FRONT OF THE SMALL SCREEN SET INTO THE CONSOLE AND BEGINS TO TAP AT THE KEYS.

BUT NYSSA IS NOT PAYING ATTENTION.

HER EYES HAVE LIGHTED ON THE LARGE VIEWER SCREEN, WHICH SHOWS A GLITTERING STARFIELD.

CURVED LINES, LIKE METEOROLOGICAL ISOBARS ARE MOVING SLOWLY ACROSS THE SCREEN, AND AS THEY ADVANCE, THE STARS THEY COVER DIM AND DIE, AS IF A BLACK INK BLOT WERE SPREADING ACROSS THE UNIVERSE)

NYSSA: The entropy field. It's huge now.

(ADRIC GETS UP FROM THE CONSOLE AND STANDS BESIDE HER)

ADRIC: And getting bigger every minute.

NYSSA: Is Earth on this star map?

ADRIC: Yes... but only just.

NYSSA: You mean...?

(ADRIC SMILES AND POINTS
TO THE EDGE OF THE MAP
FURTHEST FROM THE
INVADING DARKNESS)

ADRIC: Not quite. Earth's
galaxy has a few hours left.

NYSSA: And Traken?

ADRIC: (LOOKING AT THE SCREEN)
Traken should be... Traken's...
Traken...?

(HE REALISES BEFORE SHE
DOES THAT IT LIES
DIRECTLY UNDER THE
SPREADING DARK STAIN OF
ENTROPY)

NYSSA: I can't even see Mettula
Orionis... (SHE TAILS OFF,
REALISING)

ADRIC: I'm sorry, Nyssa... I'll
switch it off.

(SHE TURNS TO SEE HIM
REACH FOR THE APPROPRIATE
BUTTON)

NYSSA: No! Wait! Let me look
a minute longer.

(NYSSA STARES AT THE
SCREEN, ABSORBING THE
KNOWLEDGE THAT THE DEATH
OF HER FATHER HAS BEEN

FOLLOWED BY THE
DESTRUCTION OF HER WHOLE
WORLD)

NYSSA: The Master killed my
step-mother, and then my father...
And now this! The world that I
grew up in... blotted out forever.

(ADRIC TAKES HER HANDS IN
HIS.

SHE LOOKS AT HIM FOR A
MOMENT, HER EYES WET WITH
TEARS...

THEN GENTLY RELEASING
HERSELF FROM HIM REACHES
OUT AND FLICKS OFF THE
VIEWER)

NYSSA: Show me how these data
banks work.

20. INT. PHAROS CORRIDOR. DAWN.

(TEGAN STANDS AT THE END
OF THE CORRIDOR LOOKING
THROUGH VENETIAN BLINDS
DOWN INTO THE PHAROS
PERIMETER.

SHE LETS THE BLIND FLIP
BACK INTO POSITION AND
DRAWS AWAY FROM THE
WINDOW.

SHE TURNS AND WALKS
QUICKLY TOWARDS US,
BEFORE TURNING AND GOING
THROUGH INTO:)

21. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.
DAWN.

(THE MASTER IS SITTING AT
THE CONSOLE WHILE THE
DOCTOR CROUCHES BY THE
SECTION OF REMOVED PANEL
JIGGLING THE CIRCUIT
BOARDS, WHICH ARE NOW
PLUGGED INTO THE
COMPUTER'S MOTHERBOARD)

TEGAN: The dawn's coming up.
There are security men moving in
the area out there.

DOCTOR: Let's hope none of them
are due to come up here. We can't
afford any more complications. (TO
THE MASTER) Any good?

MASTER: It's still not running.
The program is useless.

DOCTOR: The Monitor gave his
life trying to complete it. We
must try to do him justice.

MASTER: This is futile, Doctor.
We're intelligent men -- we both
know it's time to abandon this line
of reasoning. Let us start again.

DOCTOR: Start again! Of course.
The program's not loading into
core. Hit the reset button and
reboot.

MASTER: That's not what I
meant.

DOCTOR: Let's not argue about
semantics, Master. Try it.

(THE MASTER DOES SO)

TELECINE 1:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Dawn.

The DOCTOR's Tardis
materialises discreetly
somewhere near the
parabolic array of the
Pharos transmitter.

END TELECINE 1.

22. INT. THE TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM. DAY.

(ADRIC AND NYSSA ARE
LOOKING AT THE SCREEN)

ADRIC: We'll have to be careful
-- security guards.

NYSSA: (POINTING UP AT THE
ANTENNA) Look!

ADRIC: Exactly like the one at
Logopolis.

NYSSA: Except that the Earth
people are using it to beam
messages to the stars.

ADRIC: What the Tardis data bank
calls a reiterated invitation to
alien intelligences in deep space.

NYSSA: And that's us.

ADRIC: Then they should be very
pleased to see us.

(THEY MOVE TOWARDS THE
DOOR)

TELECINE 2:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Dawn.

ADRIC and NYSSA emerge
from the Tardis and run
for cover across the
enclosure.

END TELECINE 2.

23. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.
DAY.

MASTER: (SURPRISED) It's running. If you can call this alien gibberish a program.

DOCTOR: We'll know once we've managed to download it onto the antenna.

(THE THREE OF THEM HEAD
TOWARDS THE DOOR.

BUT AS TEGAN AND THE
DOCTOR LEAVE, THE MASTER
STOPS AND SWIFTLY STOOPS
BESIDE THE TECHNICIAN.

HE FUMBLES IN THE WHITE
COAT AND, CHUCKLING
FAINTLY, TAKES OUT THE
CASSETTE RECORDER.

CHILLINGLY WE REALISE HE
HAS HAD "AN IDEA"!)

24. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE MASTER FOLLOWS THE
OTHERS OUT INTO THE
CORRIDOR, SLIPPING THE
CASSETTE MACHINE INTO HIS
POCKET.

THE DOCTOR MOVES SWIFTLY
TO THE WINDOW AT THE FAR
END AND PEEPS OUT THROUGH
THE BLINDS.

HE SEES:)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day.

A HIGH ANGLE SHOT through
venetian blinds: the
enclosure with the Tardis
tucked away in a discreet
corner.

The WATCHER looks out of
the Tardis. There is
something proprietorial
about the way he leans in
the doorway.

END TELECINE 3.

25. INT. A PHAROS CORRIDOR.
DAY.

(WITH A NOTICEABLY
TREMBLING HAND THE DOCTOR
LETS THE BLIND GO AND,
AFTER A MOMENT TO COLLECT
HIMSELF, TURNS TO THE
MASTER AND TEGAN)

DOCTOR: This is going to need
split second timing. We've got to
get across to the antenna control
room and re-align it on whatever's
left of Logopolis. That way we
should be near enough to that CVE
the Monitor was trying to re-open.
(TO THE MASTER) You agree.

MASTER: Good.

TEGAN: I agree too, for what
it's worth.

DOCTOR: Follow me. And
carefully.

TELECINE 4:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day.

The DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN slip out of a door and run across an open space to the cover of a row of huts, where they press themselves up against the wall while three WORKMEN go by.

We follow the WORKMEN round the building and find ADRIC and NYSSA concealed against another wall. The WORKMEN pass by without noticing them.

The DOCTOR looks across the open ground to the Antenna, mounted on a cluster of girders and gantries. It seems a very long way away.

A car sounds its horn outside the Main Gate. Two SECURITY MEN open the gate and the car rolls in slowly towards the DOCTOR and his party, cutting off their direct route to the Antenna.

The DOCTOR ducks back again the wall, but behind him the MASTER pulls out his Tissue Compression Eliminator.

The DOCTOR notices the movement, and turns as

the MASTER is about to fire.

DOCTOR: No!

The DOCTOR grabs at the weapon.

But the SECURITY MEN have been alerted by the cry.

SECURITY MAN:
Intruders. Come on,
after them!

They give chase as the DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN head back the way they came.

The three WORKMEN reappear and run straight into the three fugitives.

The WORKMEN make a grab for the DOCTOR's party. In a tangle of limbs the MASTER draws his weapon and manages to dispose of one of the WORKMEN before the DOCTOR grabs it from him and hurls it away.

ADRIC and NYSSA are watching this from cover some distance away.

ADRIC: Now!

NYSSA shakes her head and pulls him back.

The two SECURITY MEN come pounding up to the scene only seconds after the DOCTOR, the MASTER and TEGAN have managed to slip away.

We see the DOCTOR and party getting their breath back nearby in a perilously enclosed cul-de-sac between the huts.

SECURITY MAN: Down that way. Three of them.

The two SECURITY MEN move slowly now, as if sensing their quarry is nearby.

ADRIC and NYSSA watch. From their angle of view they can see the SECURITY MEN and the DOCTOR's party.

It seems inevitable that the SECURITY MEN are about to trap the DOCTOR's party.

The MASTER cowers back behind a water barrel.

MASTER: (HISSING AT THE DOCTOR) Sentimental fool. Thanks to you we're weaponless.

TEGAN moves forwards to the edge of the building and sees the SECURITY MEN advancing.

NYSSA turns to ADRIC.

NYSSA: Now!

ADRIC and NYSSA move out into the open.

At the same time TEGAN decides to step forwards.

The result is total confusion.

TEGAN: (TO THE SECURITY MEN) Look here, you three, you've got all this totally topsy-turvy. The Doctor's here to help, and if you stop him it could be the last thing you'll ever do. (AS ADRIC AND NYSSA APPEAR) What are you two doing here?

ADRIC addresses the SECURITY MEN while NYSSA signals to TEGAN to stay quiet.

ADRIC: Nyssa and I have heard your message across the Universe and have come to answer your call.

SECURITY MAN: Message? What? Who are you people?

NYSSA: We are the
alien beings you seek.

ADRIC: We are
intelligences from deep
space.

NYSSA: Adric's from a
different universe
altogether.

SECURITY MAN:
(COMPLETELY OUT OF HIS
DEPTH) Now just a
minute... Please!

TEGAN: (TOPPING ALL
THIS) Every word of it's
true. Well, come on, you
lot! Don't just stand
about. Let's go and see
someone in authority!

The DOCTOR and the MASTER
take the opportunity this
diversion offers.

The MASTER runs out from
cover and disappears from
sight.

The DOCTOR runs along
toward the antenna.

The MASTER is scanning
the ground, and seems to
be running the absurd
risk of being seen by the
SECURITY MEN. At last he
finds what he is looking
for -- the Tissue
Compression Eliminator.
He scoops it up and,

concealing it about his person, races off after the DOCTOR.

The DOCTOR and the MASTER arrive together at the base of the antenna and begin to climb its steel steps.

On the opposite side of the enclosure TEGAN, ADRIC and NYSSA are being escorted into the building by a posse comprising the two SECURITY MEN and the two remaining WORKMEN.

The WATCHER notes both activities from the door of the Tardis, then retreats inside.

The door closes behind him.

END TELECINE 4.

26. MODEL SHOT. THE PHAROS ANTENNA.
DAY.

(THE PARABOLIC ANTENNA
BEGINS TO TURN)

27. INT. THE ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM.
DAY.

(A SMALL
INSTRUMENT-CLUTTERED
ROOM, BY NO MEANS
MODERN.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE TAKEN
SEVERAL DIFFERENT TURNS
IN ITS LIFE-TIME:
LITERALLY, BECAUSE IT
REVOLVES WITH THE
PARABOLIC ANTENNA; AND
HISTORICALLY, AS IT HAS
BEEN IN ITS TIME THE
"HELM" OF A RADIO
TELESCOPE, THEN PART OF A
RADAR DEFENSE SYSTEM,
BEFORE BECOMING THE
PHAROS TRANSMISSION
CENTRE.

THE DOCTOR IS WORKING THE
CONTROLS THAT TURN THE
ANTENNA WHILE THE MASTER
WATCHES A PORTABLE VDU
RIGGED UP ON THE
WORKBENCH.

THE DISPLAY SHOWS A
PICTURE SIMILAR TO THE
BLOTTED STAR FIELD WE SAW
IN THE TARDIS, BUT THE
PATCH OF DARKNESS HAS
SPREAD MUCH FURTHER NOW)

MASTER: Stop! Lock off.

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE
CONTROLS, THEN TURNS TO
STUDY A TANGLE OF CABLES
RUNNING ACROSS THE WALL)

DOCTOR: Now to find the feed
from the computer room.

(WITH A GLANCE AT THE
DOCTOR, THE MASTER
STROLLS CASUALLY OUT OF
THE CONTROL ROOM ONTO:)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. The Pharos Antenna
Parapet. Day. (t/c 5a)

The walkway that leads to
the parabolic face of the
antenna.

The MASTER looks down
over the rail to the
enclosure far below.

He sees:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day. (t/c
5b)

A flurry of activity as
the establishment begins
its working day.

Ext. The Pharos Antenna
Parapet. Day. (t/c 5c)

The MASTER smiles to himself.

MASTER: Alien intelligences! I'll show them the quality of alien intelligence.

And from his pocket he takes his looted cassette recorder and, softly in order to avoid alerting the DOCTOR in the room behind him, begins to speak into it.

MASTER: Peoples of the universe. Please attend carefully. The message that follows is vital to the future of all of you....

END TELECINE 5.

28. INT. THE ANTENNA CONTROL ROOM.
DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS TAPPED
THE CABLES, PATCHING ONE
OF THEM INTO THE
CONSOLE.

HE IS NOW STUDYING THE
VDU EXCITEDLY.

AS HE REACHES OUT TO MAKE
A DELICATE ADJUSTMENT TO
ONE OF THE DIALS, THE
MASTER ENTERS FROM THE
PARAPET)

DOCTOR: The data's reached the
CVE. It's stabilising.

MASTER: So it works!
Congratulations, Doctor. I always
knew you would do it.

DOCTOR: We did it together.

MASTER: Oh no... I was little
more than a humble observer. I
have learnt a great deal. And now
it is time for you to go and
explain the presence of your
friends. There's quite a hubbub
outside.

DOCTOR: Quite right. We'd
better leave this until the new
equilibrium is established. A
mistake now could destroy
everything.

MASTER: I know that, Doctor.
And it could happen so easily.

DOCTOR: (COMING SLOWLY BACK INTO
THE ROOM) What do you mean...?

MASTER: The universe is hanging
on a thread. A single high-tension
pulse down that cable and the CVE
would close forever. Even a humble
observer could do it.

(THE MASTER TAKES OUT THE
CASSETTE MACHINE AND
PLACES IT ON THE CONSOLE
IN FRONT OF THE
MICROPHONE.

HE ACTIVATES A BUTTON,
AND IT BEGINS TO PLAY)

MASTER: (VOICE OVER; ON
CASSETTE) Peoples of the universe.
Please attend carefully. The
message that follows is vital to
the future of all of you....
At the time of speaking the fate of
the universe hangs in the balance,
and the fulcrum of that balance is
the Pharos Project on Earth. It is
from there that I am speaking. The
choice for you all is simple: a
continued existence under my
guidance, or total annihilation...

DOCTOR: (SPEAKING OVER THIS)
Blackmail.

MASTER: No, Doctor. I am simply
reporting the state of affairs. I
have the power now to save them or
destroy them.

DOCTOR: You're utterly mad.

MASTER: (PULLING OUT HIS WEAPON)
Back, Doctor. We cannot have the
proceedings interrupted.

(THE MASTER TAKES OUT THE
SILVER BOX WE SAW ON
LOGOPOLIS AND PLUGS IT
INTO THE CONSOLE)

MASTER: Now the CVE is mine,
Doctor.

DOCTOR: (BACKING AWAY) Only as
long as that cable holds. There's
one way to stop you...

(AND HE QUICKLY SLIPS OUT
ONTO:)

TELECINE 6:

Ext. The Pharos Antenna
Parapet. Day. (t/c 6a)

The DOCTOR backs out onto the parapet and looks along the walkway towards the antenna.

Leaving the cassette to relay its evil message the MASTER follows him outside.

MASTER: Don't make any plans, Doctor. Your future ends here.

The MASTER levels his weapon, but the DOCTOR runs along the parapet and manages to duck as the MASTER fires.

The MASTER advances along the parapet.

The DOCTOR jumps him, and they struggle for the weapon.

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day. (t/c
6b)

TEGAN, NYSSA and ADRIC
are being marched out of
the building when all
eyes look up to see the
struggle on the parapet.

SECURITY MAN: (TO THE
OTHER) Up there! Come
on!

The two SECURITY MEN set
off at a trot towards the
antenna.

Ext. The Phagos Antenna
Parapet. Day. (t/c 6c)

The MASTER shakes off the DOCTOR and levels the weapon at him.

The DOCTOR backs away and begins tugging at the high voltage cable that connects the antenna to the control room.

MASTER: Get away from there, Doctor!

DOCTOR: If you fire you'll split the cable.

MASTER: (INFURIATED)
How dare you interfere!

The MASTER dives for the DOCTOR, and tries to put the Tissue Compression Eliminator against his head.

But the DOCTOR's hand locks around the MASTER's wrist.

Together they rock back and forwards, perilously near the edge of the parapet, hanging onto the cable for stability.

Suddenly the weapon goes flying.

The cable comes away in a

flurry of sparks,
throwing the MASTER
across the walkway and
into the arms of the
advancing SECURITY men.

SECURITY MAN: You hold
him. I'll get the other
one.

But as he advances on the
still sparking broken
cable he sees that it now
leads over the parapet.

Looking down, we see the
DOCTOR as a crumbled heap
on the ground below.

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day. (t/c
6d)

ADRIC, NYSSA and TEGAN
run to the DOCTOR, but he
turns feebly and motions
to them to stay back.

DOCTOR: This is the
end... But the moment
has been prepared for.

As the onlookers watch in
amazement we see the
MASTER take the
opportunity to shake
himself loose from the
SECURITY MEN and slip
into the main building.

The translucent WATCHER,
his features vague in the
shadows, stands behind
the DOCTOR, who reaches
up a hand to him.

END TELECINE 6.

29. INT. THE PHAROS COMPUTER ROOM.
DAY.

(THE MASTER HURRIES IN
AND SLIPS INTO HIS FLUTED
COLUMN OF A TARDIS.

IT DEMATERIALISES)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. The Pharos
Enclosure. Day.

And the familiar face of
the DOCTOR is
dematerialising too. The
figure behind the DOCTOR
steps in towards him.

TEGAN: The Doctor --
what's happening to him?

The figure of the WATCHER
seems to melt into the
DOCTOR. The face becomes
formless.

ADRIC: He's
changing... The
Watcher.

NYSSA: So he was the
Doctor all the time...!

The edges of the DOCTOR
and the WATCHER merge
into a blur.

END TELECINE 7.

TELECINE 35mm

Suppose Cam

Closing
Titles

END TELECINE 35mm